

Oxford Democrat.

No. 20, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 22, 1846.

Old Series, No. 29, Vol. 15.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Minkat,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE GIANT'S COFFIN:

OR,

THE FEUD OF HOLT AND HOUSTON.

A TALE OF REEDY RIVER.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Chapter IV.

We pass over a period of eighteen months.—In this time John Houston had sold out the little cottage near Reedy River, and had removed his wife to the residence of his mother near Paris Mountain. Why he had not adopted this measure on the demise of Widow Heywood is matter of conjecture only. His own mother was now dead, and it was the opinion of those around, that it was only after this later event that he could venture upon a step which might seem to divide the sceptre of household authority—a point about which despotical old ladies are apt to be jealous. His household was as badly provided for as ever, but some good angel, whose presence might have been suspected, still watched over the wants of the suffering wife, and the hollow of an ancient chestnut now received the stores which we have formerly seen placed upon the rude blocks near the thicket fence in Greenville. Whether John Houston still suspected the interference of his hated playmate we cannot say. The prudent caution of the latter availed so that they did not often meet, and never under circumstances which could justify a quarrel. But events were ripening which were to bring them unavoidably into collision. We are now in the midst of the year 1776. The strife had already begun, of Whig and Tory, in the upper part of South Carolina. It happened some time in 1774 that the afterwards notorious Moses Kirkland stopped one night at the dwelling of John Houston. This man was already busy in stirring up dissension to the popular party of the State. He was a man of loose, vicious habits, and irregular propensities. He and John Houston were kindred spirits; and the hunter was soon enlisted under his banners. He was out with Kirkland in the campaign of 1775, when the Tories were dispersed and put down by the decisive measures of General Williamson and William Henry Drayton. It so happened that Arthur Holt made his appearance in the field, also for the first time, in the army of Williamson. The two knew that they were now opponents as they had long been enemies. But they did not meet. The designs of Kirkland were baffled, his troops dispersed, and the country settled down into a condition of seeming quiet. But it was a seeming quiet only. The old wounds festered, and when in 1780, the metropolis of the State fell into the hands of the British, yielding to captivity nearly the whole of its military power, the Tories resumed their arms and impulses with a fury which long forbearance had heightened into perfect madness. Upon the long and melancholy history of that savage warfare which followed, we need not dwell. The story is already sufficiently well known. It is enough to say that John Houston distinguished himself by his cruelties. Arthur Holt threw by the plough, and was one of Butler's men for a season. With the decline of the British power in the lower, the ascendancy in the upper country finally passed over to the whigs. Both parties were now broken up into little squads of from ten to fifty persons—the Tories, the better to avoid pursuit, the whigs, the better to compass them in all their hiding places.

It was a cold and cheerless evening in the month of November that Arthur Holt armed to the teeth, stopped for the night, with eleven men at a cottage about, fourteen miles from his own dwelling on the banks of Reedy River. An hour had not well elapsed, before Arthur Holt found some one jerking at his shoulder.—He opened his eyes and recognized the epileptic, whom mention was made in the early part of our narrative. Acker was still an epileptic, and still, to all appearance a boy—he was small, decrepit, pale, and still liable to the shocking disease, the effects of which were apparent equally in his withered face and shrivelled person.—But he was not without intelligence, and his memory was singularly tenacious of benefits and injuries. Eagerly challenging the attention of Arthur Holt, he proceeded to tell him that John Houston had only two hours before been seen with a party of seven, on his way to the farm at Paris Mountain, where at that very moment, he might in all probability be found. By this time the troopers, accustomed to sudden rousings, were awake and in possession of the intelligence. It was greedily listened to by all but Arthur Holt. John Houston was particularly odious in his own neighborhood. Several of the inhabitants had fallen victims to his brutality and hate. To take him, living or dead—to feed the vengeance for which they thirsted—was at once the passion of the party. It was with some surprise that they

saw their leader apathetic and disposed to throw doubt upon the information.

"I know not how you could have seen John Houston, Peter Acker, with seven men, when we left him behind us, going below, and crossing at Daniel's Ford on the Ennoree, only two days ago."

"'Twas him I seed, Captain, and no other.—Don't you think I know John Houston? Ought not I to know him? Wasn't it him that used to beat me, and duck me in the water? I know him." 'Twas John Houston, I tell you, and no other person."

"You are mistaken, Peter—you must be mistaken. No horse could have brought him from the Ennoree so soon."

"He's on his own horse, the great bay." 'Tis John Houston, and you must catch him and hang him."

One of the party, a spirited young man, named Fletcher, now said:

"Whether it's Houston and his men or not, we should see who the fellows are. Acker ought to know Houston, and though we heard of him on the Ennoree, we may have heard wrong. It's my notion that Acker is right; and every man of Reedy River, that claims to be a man, ought to see to it."

There was a sting in this speech that made it tell. They did not understand the delicacy of their Captain's situation, nor could he explain it. He could only sigh and submit. Buckling on his armor, he obeyed the necessity, and his eager troop was soon in motion for the cottage of Houston at Paris Mountain. There, two hours before, John Houston had arrived. He had separated from his companions. It was not affection for his wife that had brought Houston to his home. On the contrary, his salutation was that of scorn and suspicion. He seemed to have returned brooding on some dark imagination or project. When his wife brought his child and put him on his knees, saying with a mournful look of reproach, "You do not even ask for your son!" the reply, betraying the foulest of fancies, was "How know I that he is?" showed too plainly the character of the demon that was struggling in his soul. The miserable woman shrunk back in horror, while his eyes lightened by a cold malignant smile, pursued her as if in mockery. "When she placed before him a little bread and meat, he repulsed it, exclaiming, 'Would you have me fed by your Arthur? And when she meekly replied by an assurance that the food did not come from him, his answer, 'Ay, but I am not so sure of the sauce!' indicated a doubt so horrible, that the poor woman rushed from the apartment with every feeling and fibre of her frame convulsed. Without a purpose, except to escape from suspicions by which she was tortured, she had turned the corner of the enclosure, hurrying, it would seem, to a little thicket, where her sorrows would be unseen, when she suddenly encountered Arthur Holt, with a cocked pistol in his grasp. The troopers had dismounted and left their horses in the woods. They were approaching the house cautiously, on foot and from different quarters. The object was to effect a surprise of the Tory—since, armed and desperate, any other more open mode of approach might, even if successful, endanger valuable life. The plan had been devised by Arthur. He had taken to himself that route which brought him first to the cottage. His object was explained in the first few words with Leda Houston.

"Arthur Holt—you here!" was her exclamation, as she started at his approach.

"Ay, and your husband is here."

"No, no!" was the prompt reply.

"Nay, deny not! I would save him—let him fly at once. We shall soon be upon him!"

A mute but expressive look of gratitude rewarded him, while, forgetting the recent indignities to which she had been subjected, Leda hurried back to the cottage and put Houston in possession of the facts. He started to his feet, put the child from his knee, though still keeping his hand upon its shoulder, and glaring upon her with eyes of equal jealousy and rage, he exclaimed—

"Woman! you have brought my enemy upon me!"

To this charge the high-souled woman made no answer, but her form became more erect, and her cheek grew paler, while her exquisitely dressed lips were compressed with the effort to keep down her stifling indignation. She approached him as if to relieve him of the child; but he repulsed her, and grasping the little fellow firmly in his hands, with no tenderness of hold, he lifted him to his shoulder, exclaiming—

"No! he shares my danger! he goes with me. He is at least *your* child—he shall protect me from your—"

The sentence was left unfinished as he darted through the door! With a mother's scream she bounded after him, as he took his way to the little cupette in which his horse was fastened.

The agony of a mother's soul lent wings to her feet. She reached him ere he could undo the fastenings of his horse, and, seizing him by his arm arrested his progress.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you would seize—"

"You would deliver me!"

"My child! my child!" was her only answer, as she clung to his arm and endeavored to tear the infant from his grasp.

"He goes with me! He shall protect me from the shot!"

"You will not, cannot risk his precious life."

"Do I not risk mine?"

"My son—your son!"

"Were I sure of that!"

"God of heaven! help me! Save him! save him!"

But there was no time for parley. A pistol-shot was fired from the opposite quarter of the

house whether by accident, or for the purpose of alarm is not known, but it prompted the instant movement of the ruffian, who, in order to extricate himself from the grasp of his wife, smote her to the earth, and in the midst of the child's screams hurried forward with his prize. To reach the cupette, to draw forth and mount his horse, was the work of an instant only. The life of the hunter and the partisan had made him expert enough in such performances. Mounted on a splendid bay, of the largest size and greatest speed, he lingered but a moment in sight, the child conspicuously elevated in his grasp, its head raised above its left shoulder, while one of its little arms might be seen stretching towards its mother, now rising from the earth. At this instant Arthur Holt made his appearance. From the wood where he had remained as long as he might, he had beheld the brutal action of his enemy. It was the second time that he had witnessed such a deed, and his hand now convulsively grasped and cocked his pistol, as he rushed forward to *venge* it. But the unhappy woman rose in time to prevent him. Her extended arms were thrown across his path. He raised the deadly weapon above them.

"Would you shoot! oh, my God! would you shoot! Do you not see my child! my child!"

The action of Arthur was suspended at the mother's words; and, lifting the child aloft with a powerful arm, as if in triumph and defiance, the brutal father, putting spurs to his horse, went off at full speed. A single bound enabled the noble animal to clear the enclosure, and appearing but a single moment upon the hillside, the mother had one more glimpse at her child, whose screams, in another moment, were drowned in the clatter of the horse's feet. She sunk to the ground at the foot of Arthur, as his comrades leapt over the surrounding fence.

Chapter V.

Pursuit under present circumstances was pretty much out of the question—yet Arthur Holt determined upon it. John Houston was mounted upon one of the most famous horses of the country. He had enjoyed a rest of a couple of hours of the day's journey. Any attempt at direct pursuit would, therefore, in all probability, only end in driving the Tory out of the neighborhood, thus increasing the chances of his final escape. This was by no means the object of the party, and when Arthur ordered the pursuit, some of his men remonstrated by showing, or endeavoring to show, that such must be the effect of it. Arthur Holt, however, had his own objects. But his commands were resisted by no less a person than Leda herself.

"Do not pursue, Arthur, for my sake, do not pursue. My child—he will slay my child if you press him hard. He is desperate. You know him not. Press him not, for my sake—for my child's sake—but let him go free."

The entreaty, urged strenuously, and with all those tears and prayers which can only flow from a mother's heart, was effectual—at least to prevent that direct pursuit which Arthur had meditated. But, though his companions favored the prayers of the wife and mother, they were very far from being disposed to let the Tory go free. On the contrary, when, a little after, they drew aside to the copse for the purpose of further consultation, Arthur Holt found, to his chagrin, that his course with regard to Houston was certainly suspected. His comrades assumed a decision in the matter which seemed to take the business out of his hands. Young Fletcher did not scruple to say, that he was not satisfied with the spirit which Arthur had shown in the pursuit; and the hints conveyed by more than one, in the course of the discussion, were of such a nature that the mortified Arthur threw up his command; a proceeding which seemed to occasion no regret or dissatisfaction. Fletcher was immediately invested with it, and proceeded to exercise it with a degree of acuteness and vigor which soon satisfied the party of his peculiar fitness for his duties. He said—"We cannot press the pursuit, or we drive him off; but we can so fix it as to keep him where he is. If we do not press him, he will keep in the woods, near abouts, till he can find some chance of getting the child to the mother again. There's no doubt an understanding between them. She knows where to find him in the woods, or he'll come back at night to the farm. We must put somebody to watch over all her movements. Who will that be?"

The question was answered by the epileptic, Acker, who, unasked, had hung upon the skirts of the party.

"I will watch her!"

"You!"

"Yes! I'm as good a one as you can get."

"Very well! but suppose you should have one of your fits, Acker?"

"I won't have one now for two weeks. My time's over for this month."

"Well, in two weeks, I trust, his time will be over too. We will get some twenty more fellows, and make a ring round him. That's my plan. Don't press, for I wouldn't have him hurt the child; but mark him when he aims to pass the ring."

The plan thus agreed on, with numerous details which need not be given here, was immediately entered upon by all parties. Arthur Holt alone took no share in the adventure. The design was resolved upon without his privity, though the general object could not be concealed from his knowledge. On throwing up his commission he had withdrawn from his comrades, under a something less than five in breadth. Its depth at the upper end was about six feet, but it sloped gradually down, until, at the bottom, the ends lay almost even with the surrounding rocks.

Meanwhile, John Houston had found a temporary retreat some six miles distant from the dwelling of his wife. It was a spot seemingly impervious, in the density of its woods, to the steps of man. A small natural cavity in a hillside had been artificially deepened, in all probability, by the bear, who had left it as a heritage to the hunter to whom he had yielded up his ears. The retreat was known to the hunter only. He had added, from time to time, certain little improvements of his own. Cells were opened on one side, and then on the other. These were strewn with dried leaves and rushes, and, at the remote inner extremity, a fourth hollow had been prepared so as to admit of fire, the smoke finding its way through a small and simple opening at the top. All around this rude retreat the woods were dense, the hunter being at particular pains to preserve it as a place of secrecy and concealment. Its approach was circuitous, and the very entrance upon it, one of those happy discoveries, by which nature is made to accomplish the subtlest purposes of art. Two gigantic shafts, shooting out from the same root, had run up in diverging but parallel lines, leaving between them an opening through which, at a moderate bound, a steed might make his way. On each side of this tree itself seemed to close the passage, and behind it care was taken, by freely scattering brush and leaves, to remove any traces of horse or human footsteps. In this place John Houston found refuge. To this place, in the dead of night, the unhappy Leda found her way. How she knew of the spot may be conjectured only. But, prompted by a mother's love and a mother's fears, she did not shrink from the task of exploring the dreary forest alone. Here she found her miserable husband, and was once more permitted to clasp her infant to her bosom. The little fellow slept soundly upon the rushes, in one of the recesses of the cave. The father sat at the entrance, keeping watch over him. His stern eye looked upon the embrace of mother and child with a keen and painful interest; and when the child, awakened out of sleep, shrieking with joy, clung to the neck of the mother, sobbing her name with a convulsive delight, he turned from the spectacle with a single sentence, muttered through his closed teeth by which we see what his maledictions had been—"had the brat but called me father!" The words were unheard by the mother, too full of joy to be conscious of anything but her child and her child's recovery. When, however, before the dawn of day, she proposed to leave him and take the child with her, she was confounded to meet with denial.

"No!" said the brutal father. "He remains with me. If he is my child, he shall remain as my security and yours. Hear me, woman; your Arthur Holt knows better than to press upon me; but I know their aims. They have covered the outlets. They would make my captivity secure. I wish but three days; in that time Cunningham will give them employment, and I shall walk over as I please. But, during that time I shall want food for myself and horse—perhaps you will think there is some necessity for bringing food to the child. I do not object to that. Bring it, then, yourself, nightly, and remember, the first show of treachery seals his fate."

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"What am I to do?" was her exclamation, as, wringing her hands, the tears for the first time flowed freely from her eyes.

"I will tell you! Go not back to your cottage, till you can procure the child. Go now to the stone heap on the river bank below, which they call the 'Giant's Coffin.' There in an hour from now, I will bring you a basket of provisions. The place is very secret, and before it is found out that you go there, you will have got the child. Nightly, I will fill the basket in the same place, which, at the dawn, you can procure. Go now, before we are seen, and God be with you!"

They separated—the young farmer for his home, and Leda for the gloomy vault which popular tradition had dignified with the title of the 'Giant's Coffin.' This was an Indian giant, by the way whose exploits, in the erection of Table Mountain, for gymnastic purposes, would put to shame the inferior feats of the devil, under direction of Merlin or Michael Scott. Enough it were to give some idea of the sort of coffin and the place of burial which the giant selected for himself, when he could play his mountain pranks no longer.

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"What am I to do?" was her exclamation, as, wringing her hands, the tears for the first time flowed freely from her eyes.

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The same was that of Arthur Holt, and

dy River, but he was no indifferent or inactive spectator of events.

Meanwhile, John Houston had found a temporary retreat some six miles distant from the dwelling of his wife. It was a spot seemingly impervious, in the density of its woods, to the steps of man. A small natural cavity in a hillside had been artificially deepened, in all probability, by the bear, who had left it as a heritage to the hunter to whom he had yielded up his ears. The retreat was known to the hunter only. He had added, from time to time, certain little improvements of his own. Cells were opened on one side, and then on the other. These were strewn with dried leaves and rushes, and, at the remote inner extremity, a fourth hollow had been prepared so as to admit of fire, the smoke finding its way through a small and simple opening at the top. All around this rude retreat the woods were dense, the hunter being at particular pains to preserve it as a place of secrecy and concealment. Its approach was circuitous, and the very entrance upon it, one of those happy discoveries, by which nature is made to accomplish the subtlest purposes of art. Two gigantic shafts, shooting out from the same root, had run up in diverging but parallel lines, leaving between them an opening through which, at a moderate bound, a steed might make his way. On each side of this tree itself seemed to close the passage, and behind it care was taken, by freely scattering brush and leaves, to remove any traces of horse or human footsteps. In this place John Houston found refuge. To this place, in the dead of night, the unhappy Leda found her way. How she knew of the spot may be conjectured only. But, prompted by a mother's love and a mother's fears, she did not shrink from the task of exploring the dreary forest alone. Here she found her miserable husband, and was once more permitted to clasp her infant to her bosom. The little fellow slept soundly upon the rushes, in one of the recesses of the cave. The father sat at the entrance, keeping watch over him. His stern eye looked upon the embrace of mother and child with a keen and painful interest; and when the child, awakened out of sleep, shrieking with joy, clung to the neck of the mother, sobbing her name with a convulsive delight, he turned from the spectacle with a single sentence, muttered through his closed teeth by which we see what his maledictions had been—"had the brat but called me father!" The words were unheard by the mother, too full of joy to be conscious of anything but her child and her child's recovery. When, however, before the dawn of day, she proposed to leave him and take the child with her, she was confounded to meet with denial.

"No!" said the brutal father. "He remains with me. If he is my child, he shall remain as my security and yours. Hear me, woman; your Arthur Holt knows better than to press upon me; but I know their aims. They have covered the outlets. They would make my captivity secure. I wish but three days; in that time Cunningham will give them employment, and I shall walk over as I please. But, during that time I shall want food for myself and horse—perhaps you will think there is some necessity for bringing food to the child. I do not object to that. Bring it, then, yourself, nightly, and remember, the first show of treachery seals his fate."

He pointed to the child as he spoke.

"Great God!" she exclaimed. "Are you a man, John Houston! Will you keep the infant from me?"

"Ay!—you should thank heaven that I do not keep you from him also. But away! Bring the provisions! Be faithful and you shall have the child. But remember! if I am entrapped, he dies!"

We pass over the horror of the mother. At the dawn of day, as she was hurrying, but not unseen, along the banks of Reedy River, she was encountered by Arthur Holt.

"I went to your house at midnight, Leda, to put you on your guard; was the salutation of the farmer. I know where you have been, and can guess what duty is before you. I must also tell you of his danger."

she still murmured. The ears of the suspicious husband were placed close to her lips, that none of the whispering sounds might escape him. He heard enough to open to him a vista, at the extremity of which his diseased imagination saw the worst shapes of hate and jealousy. With the pressing thought in her memory of the tasks before her she spoke of the little basket—the bread—the bottle of milk, the slender slices of ham or venison—which she had been accustomed to receive and bring. Then came the two words, "Giant's Coffin," and the quick fancy of the outlaw, stimulated by hate and other passions, immediately reached, at a bound, the whole narrative of her dependence upon Holt and her meetings with him at the "Giant's Coffin."

A dark smile passed over his countenance. It was the smile of a demon, who is at length, after long being baffled, in possession of his prey. Leda slept on—soundly slept—for nature had at length coerced the debtor, and compelled her sighs—and the hour was approaching when it was usual for her to set out on her nightly progress. The resolution came quick as lightning, to the mind of the ruffian. He rose suddenly from the rushes—drew his pistols from his belt—silently examined the flint, and, looking at the knife in his bosom, stole forth from the cavern. With a spirit exulting with the demoniac hope of assuring himself on a secret long suspected, and of realizing a vengeance long delayed—and, familiar, night and day, with every step in his progress, he hurried directly across the country to the banks of Reedy River. The night, by this time, had become tempestuous. Big drops of rain already began to fall; but these caused no delay to the hardy outlaw. He reached the river and moving now with cautious steps from rock to rock, he approached the "Giant's Coffin" with the manner of one who expects to find a victim and an enemy. One hand grasped a pistol, the other a knife—and, stealing onward with the pace of the Indian, he hung over the sides of the "Coffin," and peered into its dark chamber with his keenest eyes. It was untenanted. "I am too soon," he muttered. "Well! I can wait!" And where better to await the victim—where more secure from detection than in the vault which lay before him!—one half covered from the weather and shut in from all inspection—that alone excepted, for which he had come prepared. The keen gusts of wind which now came across the stream laden with rain, was an additional motive to this movement. He obeyed the suggestion, passed into the mouth of the "Coffin," and crouching from sight, in a sitting posture, in the upper or covered part of the chamber, he sat with the anxiety of a passion which did not, however, impair his patience, awaiting for his foe.

He had not reached this position unseen or unaccompanied. We have already intimated that Acker, the epileptic, had made some progress in his discoveries. With the singular cunning, and the wonderful acuteness which distinguish some of the faculties, where others are impaired in the same individual, he had contrived, unseen and unsuspected, to track Leda Houston to the place of her husband's concealment. He had discovered the periods of her incoming and departure, and, taking his rest at all other periods, he was always prepared to renew his surveillance at those moments when the wife was to go forth. He had barely resumed his watch, on the night in question, when he was surprised to see Houston himself, and not his wife, emerging from the cave. He followed cautiously, his footsteps. Light of foot, and keeping at convenient distance, his espionage was farther assisted by the wind, which, coming in their faces, effectually kept all sounds of pursuit from the ears of the outlaw. His progress was not so easy when the latter emerged from the woods, and stood upon the banks of the river. His approach now required more caution; but, stealing on from shrub to shrub, and rock to rock Acker at length stood—or rather crouched—upon the brink of the river also, and at a small distance from the other. But of this distance he ceased to be conscious. He was better informed, however, when a moment after, he heard a dull, clattering, but low sound, which, he rightly conjectured to have been caused by some pressure upon the lower lid of the Coffin, which, being somewhat pendulous was apt to vibrate slightly, in spite of its great length and weight, under any pressure from above. This sound apprised Acker of the exact whereabouts of the outlaw, and his keen eyes at length detected the dim outline of the latter's form, as he stood upon the lid of the Coffin, the moment before he disappeared within its recesses. Encouraged to advance by the disappearance of the other, the epileptic did so with extreme caution. He was favored by the hoarse rumbling of the water as it poured its way among the rocks, and by the increasing discharges of the wind and rain, which now came down in heavy showers. As he crawled from rock to rock, with the stealthy movement of a cat along some precipitous ledge, shrinking and cowering beneath the storm, his own desire for shelter led him suddenly to the natural conclusion that Houston had found his within the vault. The idea of Acker came to him slowly, but gradually, as he continued to approach, he remembered the clattering of the Coffin-lid—he remembered how in his more youthful days, the force, with great strength, had forced it to its present place, and he conceived the sudden purpose of making the Coffin of the Giant, that also of the deadly enemy, whose boyish persecutions he had never forgiven. To effect his present object, which, suddenly conceived, became the most absorbing thirst, a positive frenzy in his breast—he concentrated all his faculties, whether of mind or of body, upon his task. His power was deliberate, and so stealthy, that he reached the upper end of the Coffin, laid himself down beside it, and, applying his ear to one of the crevices, distinctly heard the suppressed breathing of the man within. Crawling back, he laid his hands lightly and with the greatest care upon the upper and heavier end of the stone. His simple touch so nicely did it seem to be balanced, caused its vibration; and with the first consciousness of its movement, Houston, whom we must suppose to have been lying down, raising his pistol with one hand, laid the other on one of the sides of the vault, with the view, as it was thought, to hid himself from his recent pursuer. He did so just as the huge plate was set in motion,

and the member was caught and closely wedged between the mass and the side of the Coffin upon which it rested. A slight cry broke from the outlaw. The fingers were crushed, the hand was effectually secured. But for this, so slow was the progress of the stone, that it would have been very easy for Houston to have scrambled out before the vault was entirely closed in. Slowly, but certainly, the lid went down. Ignorant of the peculiar occasion of the outlaw's groans, the epileptic answered them with a chuckle, which, had the former been conscious would have taught him his enemy. But he had fainted. The excruciating agony of his hurt finished his work without interruption; then piling upon the plate a mountain of smaller stones he dashed away in the direction of Holt's cottage. Here he encountered the young farmer, busy as was usual about that hour, in making up his little basket of provisions. A few words from the epileptic sufficed to inform him that they were no longer necessary—that Houston was gone—fled—utterly escaped, and now in all probability beyond pursuit. Such was the tale he told. He had his policy in it. The characteristic malignant cunning which had prompted him to the fearful revenge which he had taken upon his enemy, was cautious now to keep it from being defeated. To have told the truth, would have been to open the "Giant's Coffin," undo all that had been done, and once more let free the hated tyrant upon whose head he had visited the meditated retribution of more than twenty years. Acker well knew the generous nature of the young farmer, and did not doubt that if he declared the facts, Arthur would have proceeded at once to the rescue of his common enemy. He suppressed all show of exultation, made a plausible story—it matters not of what sort—by which to account for the flight of Houston; and, the consequence was, that instead of proceeding as before to the "Giant's Coffin," Arthur Holt now prepared to set out for the "Hunter's Cave." But the day had broke in tempest. A fearful storm was raging. The windows of heaven were opened, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind went forth equal violence, as if from the whole four quarters of the earth. The young farmer got out his little wagon, and jumping in, Acker, prepared to guide him to the place of retreat.

"The river is rising fast, Peter," was the remark of Arthur as he caught a glimpse of the swollen stream as it foamed along its way.

"Yes," said the other, with a sort of hiccup, by which he suppressed emotions which he did not venture to declare, "Yes! I reckon 'twon't be many hours afore it fills the 'Coffin.'"

"If it keeps on at this rate," returned the other, "one hour will be enough to do that."

"Only one, you think?"

"Yes! one will do!"

Another hiccup of the epileptic appropriately finished the dialogue.

Chapter VI.

Leda awakened from her deep sleep to find herself alone with the child. She was startled and alarmed at the absence of her husband; but as the child was left—the great, and we may add the only, object for which she could have borne so much—she was satisfied. On assuring herself of the departure of Houston from the cave, she would unhesitatingly have taken hers also;—but the storm was now raging without, and, persuaded that her husband had taken advantage of its violence to cross the barriers, she gathered up the fragments of the last night's supper, and was busy in giving her boy his little breakfast, when roused by the voice of Arthur Holt. "The story of the epileptic was soon told—as he had related it to Arthur. In this story, as there was nothing improbable, both parties put implicit faith; and, cloaking mother and child as well as he might, the young farmer bore them through the close thicket to the place, some three hundred yards without, where, on account of the denseness of the woods, he had been compelled to leave the wagon. The horse of Houston, the 'Big Day,' was next brought forth, as Acker could neither be persuaded to mount, or take him in charge, he was restored to the covert until a better opportunity for removing him. To the surprise of the young farmer, the epileptic was equally firm in refusing to go with him in the wagon. 'I don't mind the rain,' said he, 'it can't hurt me.' 'He will get his death,' said Leda. 'Not he,' replied Arthur, as Acker scampered through the woods; 'the water always helps him in his fits.' While the wagon took one course, he took another. Little did they suspect his route. A terrible feeling carried him back to Reedy River—to a pitiless watch above that natural tomb in which he had buried his living victim.

Meanwhile, what of Houston? When he recovered his consciousness, the vault had been closed upon him; the flat mass, once set in motion, had slid down the smooth edges of the upright sides with unintermitted progress, and now lay above him, shutting out light almost equally with hope. But a faint glimmering reached the interior of the cell, from a crevice on one side, where, in consequence of some inequality of the edges, the lid had not settled fairly down upon it. It was the side opposite to that in which his fingers had been crushed, and where the stone still maintained its hold upon the mutilated member. He heard the whistling of the wind, the hoarse rush of the waters, and the heavy fall of the rain without, and a shuddering sense of his situation rushed instantly upon his soul. For a moment he sank back, appalled, oppressed; but the numbing pain of his injured hand and wrist, up to his elbow, recalled him to the necessity of effort. Houston was a man of strong will and great energies. Though at the first moment of consciousness oppressed and overcome, the outlaw soon recovered himself. It was necessary that he should do something for his extrication. The light shut out, if not entirely the air, is one of those fearful facts to rouse a man in his situation and of his character to all his energies. But the very first movement was one to awaken him still more sensibly to his dangers. Having arisen to grasp the sides of the vault, which, in the place where he had laid his hand was fully five feet high, his position when fixed there, was that of a man partially suspended in the air. His right hand could

barely touch the floor of the chamber. His left was utterly useless. In this position he could not even exert the strength which he possessed; and, after an ineffectual effort, he sank back again in mental consternation. The horror of that moment passed in thought—the despair which it occasioned—was the parent of new strength. He came to a terrible decision. He became fully aware, that in order to avail himself of his right hand, it was necessary that he should extricate the other. He had already tried to do so, by a vain effort at lifting the massive lid of his coffin. The heavy plate no longer vibrated upon a pivot. It had sunk into a natural position, which each upright evenly maintained. The hand was already lost to him. He resolved that it should not render the other useless. With a firmness that might well excite admiration, he drew the *couteau de chasse* from his bosom, and deliberately smote off the mutilated fingers at the joints; dividing the crushed parts—bone and tendon—from the uninjured—falling heavily back upon the stone floor the moment the hand was freed. But this time he had not fainted, though the operation tended to restore the hand, which had been deadened by the pressure and pain of its position, to something like sensibility. But such pain was now but slightly felt; and, wrapping the hand up in his handkerchief, he prepared with due courage for the difficult task before him. But the very first effort almost convinced him of his hopelessness. In vain did he apply the strength of his muscular arm, the force of his broad shoulders, his sinewy and well-supported frame. Forced to crouch in his narrow limits, it was not possible for him to apply to advantage, the strength which he really possessed; and, from the extreme shallowness of his cell in the lower extremity, he was unable to address his efforts to that part where the stone was thinnest. At the upper part, where he could labor, the mass was greatly thicker than the rest; and it was the weight of this mass, rather than the strength of Acker—the momentum once given it from above—that carried the plate along to the foot of the plane. His exertions were increased as his strength diminished—the cold sweat poured from his brow—and, toiling against conviction, in the face of his increasing terrors, he at length sunk back in exhaustion. From time to time, at brief intervals, he renewed his toils, each time with new hope, each time with a new scheme for more successful exertion. But the result was, on each occasion, the same; and, yielding to despair, he threw himself upon the bottom of his cell and called death to his relief.

While thus prostrate, with his face pressed upon the chilling pavement, he suddenly starts, almost to his feet, and a new terror seizes upon his soul. He is made conscious of a new and pressing danger. Is it the billows of the river—the torrents swollen above their bounds—that beat against the walls of his dungeon? Is it the advancing waters that catch his eye glimmering faint at his feet, as they penetrate the lower crevices of the coffin? A terrible shudder shook his frame! He cannot doubt this new danger, and he who, a moment before, called upon death to relieve him from his terrors, now shouts under worse terrors, at the prospect of his near approach in an unexpected shape. It is necessary that he should employ all his strength—that he should make other and more desperate efforts. He rises almost erect. He applies both arms—the maimed as well as the sound—almost unconscious of the difference to the lid of his tomb—'Buried alive!' he cries aloud—'Buried alive!' and at each cry his sinewy arms shoot up—his broad shoulders are raised: his utmost powers concentrated upon the one point, in the last effort of despair, must surely be successful. His voice shouts with his straining sinews. He feels the mass above him yielding. Once more—and once again—and still he is encouraged. 'The lid vibrates—he could not be deceived—but oh! how slightly. Another trial—he moves it as before, but as his strength fails, his efforts relax—and it sinks down in its place. Breathless he crouches in his cell. He listens! Is it a footstep? Is it a movement? The stones fall about the roof of his narrow dwelling. A human agency is above. 'Hurray!' he cries—'hurray!' 'Throw off the stone—crush it—break it! There is no time to be lost!' For a moment he fancies that the movement above is one intended for his relief. But what mean these rolling stones? A new apprehension possesses him in the very moment of his greatest hope. He rises. Once more he extends his arms, he applies his shoulders; but he labors now in vain. His strength is not less—his efforts are not more feeble—in this than in his former endeavors. He cannot doubt the terrible truth! New stones have been piled above his head. He is doomed! His utmost powers fail to move the mass from its place. His human enemy is unrelenting. He cries to him in a voice of equal inquiry and anguish.

'Who is there? what enemy? who? Speak to me! who is above me? Who? who?' Can it be? He is answered by a chuckle—a full, fiendish laugh—the most terrible sort of answer. Can it be that a mortal would so laugh at such a moment? He tries to recall those to whom he has given most occasion for vindictiveness and hate. He names 'Arthur Holt!' He is again answered by a chuckle, and now he knows his enemy. 'God of heaven!' he exclaims in the bitter anguish of his discovery, 'and can it be that I am doomed to perish by this most miserable of all my foes!' Once more he rushes against the mass above him, but this time with his head alone. He sinks down stunned upon the floor, and is aroused by the water around him. In such a position it rises. He knows the character of the stream. It will be above him, unless he is relieved, in less than an hour. The proud and reckless outlaw is humbled. He descends to entreat the wretched creature to whom he owes his situation. He implores forgiveness—he promises reward. He begs—he threatens—he execrates. He is answered by a chuckle as before; the epileptic sits upon his coffin-lid, and the doomed man can hear his heels without, as they beat time with the wind and waters, against the sides of his tomb. Meanwhile the water presses in upon him—he feels its advance around him—it is now about his knees—in another moment it is every

where. It has gradually ascended the plane—it now spreads over the entire floor of his dungeon. He grasps his pistols, which he had laid down beside him, and applies their muzzles to his head. He is too late. They are covered with water and refuse fire. His knife is no longer to be found. It had dropped from his right hand when he smote off the fingers of the left, and had probably rolled down the plane to the bottom, where, covered with water, it is impossible to recover it. Hope within, and hope from without, have failed him equally; and, except in prayer, there is no refuge from the pang of death. But prayer is not easy to him who has never believed in the efficacy of its virtues. How can he pray to be forgiven, who has never been taught to forgive. He tries to pray! The epileptic without, as he stoops his ear, can catch the fragmentary plea, the spasmodic adjuration, the gasping, convulsive utterance, from a throat around which the waters are already wreathing with close and unrelaxing grasp. Suddenly the voice ceases—there is a hoarse murmur—the struggle of the strong man among the waters which press through the crevices between the lid and the sides of the dungeon. As the convulsion ceases, the epileptic starts to his feet with a terror which he had not felt before; and, looking wildly behind him as he ran, bounded up the sides of the neighboring hills.

Thus ends the legend of the "Giant's Coffin." Tradition does not tell us of the farther fortunes of Leda Houston. Some pages of the chronicle have dropped. It is certain, however, that Arthur Holt, like Benedict, lived to be a married man, and died the father of several children—the descendants of some of whom still live in the same region. Of the "Coffin" itself, some fragments, and it is thought, one of the sides, may be shown, but it was 'blown up' by the very freshet which we have described, and the body of Houston drifted down to the opposite shore. It was not till long after that Acker confessed the share which he had in the manner of his death and burial.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 22, 1846.

THE ELECTION.

We publish below the returns of the votes for Governor from 34 towns in this County, and a Recapitulation of the vote, so far as heard from, in other Counties, making in all 265 towns. They give Mr. Dana a plurality over Mr. Bronson of 3153 votes; but by adding the Abolition and Scattering vote to that of Mr. Bronson, it will be seen that Mr. Dana wants 4320 votes of a majority. The towns to be heard from will increase the Democratic vote very much, but we think not enough to give Mr. Dana a majority.

The Congressional District will stand as follows: In the first, Hammons, Dem., is elected.

In the second, there is no choice.

In the third, the strong Whig District embracing Kennebec, Belcher, Whig, is elected.

In the fourth, Lincoln and Oxford, no choice.

In the fifth and sixth, there is no choice.

In the seventh, Williams, Dem., the present Representative, is re-elected.

The Democrats have thus carried two Districts, and the Whigs one—no choice in four.

To the Senate, we have elected three in this County, three in Waldo, two, probably, in Cumberland, and one in the 8th District. The Whigs have elected three in Kennebec, and one Abolition-Whig in York. Lincoln and Somerset are uncertain. In York, there is no choice of the remaining ticket, and in Penobscot no choice. The eastern Districts have not been heard from.

To the House, we have heard of the election of but 47 members—19 Democrats and 28 Whigs. From the Eastern section of the State we shall increase our number materially. There are, however, an unusual number of cases where no choice was effected.

The election throughout is one the greatest cases of scattering that ever occurred in this State. The Whigs and Abolitionists have pulled together wherever it was for their interest. The Democrats appear to have had their ranks invaded by a material entirely foreign and antagonistic to their principles, to which cause may be attributed, in a great measure, the present attitude of the State before the Union. We hope and trust that in the Representative Districts where no choice has been effected, all sectional feeling, all personal details, and all grievances will be hushed and reconciled before the next trial,—that the issue will be that of Principle, not of Men. Will the Democrats in those Districts in this County where no choice has been effected, look to this? It is of the utmost importance! One vote, in the House, may secure the election of John W. Dana for Governor!

	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
	Ans. More.	Ans. More.	Ans. More.	Ans. More.
Albany.	70	54	111	17
Andover.	7	1	60	54
Andover N. Sur.	7	1	8	2
Byron.	34	9	27	8
Backfield.	210	14	191	51
Bowfield.	125	21	173	36
Dafield.	151	52	168	68
Demerits.	100	26	154	22
Frederick.	111	29	174	60
Frederick A. G.	8			
Greenwood.	109	27	68	24
Gilead.	20	37	10	23
Hebron.	44	84	50	80
Holmes.	13	2	15	2
Hannah's Gate.			11	
Lovell.	91	37	102	50
Letter B.	18	3	22	2
Mason.	12		17	
Milton Plantation.	115	103	14	19
Norway.	24	1	67	4
Norway.	11	5	10	5
Paris.	277	80	265	84
Peru.	83	10	123	7
Rundford.	140	90	119	96
Roxbury.	37	8	28	5
Riley.	3		6	4
Samner.	106	42	17	36
Stow.	34	7	68	10
Stonham.	41	7	65	15
Sweden.	47	20	33	30
Turner.	238	163	238	134
Woodstock.	100	5	98	3
Waterford.	99	18	102	36
	2514	1073	2229	1131

RECAPITULATION.

	Dana.	Bronson.	Abol.
Oxford, 34 towns.	2895	1181	468
York, 35 towns.	3410	2845	750
Cumberland, 27 towns.	3415	3822	1293
Penobscot, 37 towns.	3101	2682	1553
Lincoln, 33 towns.	3834	4275	710
Kennebec, 23 towns.	2101	4229	1114
Franklin, 13 towns.	827	620	531
Waldo, 14 towns.	2079	1133	451
Hancock, 19 towns.	1458	1139	206
Somerset, 23 towns.	1563	1874	752
Piscataquis, 14 towns.	784	638	482
Washington, 3 towns.	218	290	31
265 towns.	27909	24756	8073

We invite the attention of our readers to an article in to-day's paper from the Washington Union on the protective principle. It is a *home thrust*; and affords an argument which we have never seen answered, and until it can be proved that one man's interest is better than another's, and has greater claims upon the government than the interest of another, we never expect to see it answered. The principle of protection, if carried out practically, would dissolve the Union, and array each State against another, by a protection of its particular interest.

Suicide of Hon. Felix Grundy, McConnell.—Hon. F. G. McConnell, member of Congress from Alabama, committed suicide, at his rooms in Washington City, on the 10th inst., by stabbing himself with a large clasp knife three times in the neck and five times in the stomach. The wounds were very deep, and it is thought he must have died instantly. He had for two days previous been laboring under the influence of *mania pecta*, and has for some time past been very intemperate.

Our Mexican Relations.—The N. Y. Herald says: "A courier is now in this city, despatched from the head quarters of the American army, and we are informed on the most reliable authority that no proposals of peace whatever have yet been made either by the Mexican or American Governments, or by any of their accredited agents; that the Ministers of England, France, and Spain, in the capital of Mexico, have given the gravest assurances to Santa Ana, that neither he nor his Government shall receive from them one dollar, or the slightest encouragement in prosecuting this war."

Loss of the U. S. Brig Truxton.—This vessel was lost on the 15th ult., off the bar of the Tapan river, 130 miles northward from Vera Cruz. Captain Carpenter, the commander, wishing to get his vessel near the shore to protect some boats, while their crews were obtaining provisions, employed a Scotchman, whom he had taken out of a small Mexican prize, to pilot him; but who, from accident or design, ran him aground. After two days of fruitless efforts to get her off, she was abandoned by the officers and men, sixty in all, who surrendered themselves to the Mexicans. The Truxton was completely stripped and plundered, and her guns thrown overboard by the Mexicans.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the appearance of a cloud.

Fire in Worcester.—The Custom House at Worcester, with a number of small buildings contiguous, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 11th. The books, papers, &c., belonging to the Custom House, were saved. It is said that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

A thorough going Abolitionist.—Mr. Gerritt Smith, of New York, has issued blank deeds to the soil of his manors in Hamilton county, which he promises to fill up with a free gift of forty acres of land to every bondman who will fly from slavery and the south, and assert the rights of a freeman. The Journal of Commerce thinks that Mr. Smith goes too far in the cause of freedom, and is of opinion that if any slave accepts of the proposition it will be a foul, and be eaten up by the bears and wolves of Hamilton county into the bargain. That however, as an affair that must be settled between the expiring slaves and Mr. Gerritt Smith.

Old Rough and Ready.—Gen. Taylor has written a letter to a Mr. George Folsom, of N. York, in which he declines being a candidate for the Presidency. He does not want the office. He is a wise man. Who would not rather have a life lease in a Major General's Commission than hold the office of President of the United States for four years only?

The workmen employed by the English master builders are busy from 12 to 16 hours a day. As soon as one of them is married he is usually discharged, his employer fearing, from the smallness of his wages, that he will steal bread to support his family.

Mr. Huford, one of the speakers at a late Whig meeting held in Boston, said "he considered the annexation of Texas as dissolving the Union, in a moral point of view; but that, for expediency's sake, it was preferable to remain in the Union." So the gentleman is willing to sacrifice his morality to expediency!

The Augusta Age has come out in a beautiful new dress. It is an able journal, and merits the success that has attended its publication.

The Lincoln, (Bath,) Telegraph has also shed its old habiliments and donned an entire new suit.

A Coquette.—When I hear of a coquette a marriage, says Ritcher, I am reminded of the dodge's custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

It is said that John Appleton, Esq., the gentlemanly and highly efficient chief clerk of the Navy Department, will remain with Mr. Mason at that post.

We learn from St. Louis that two Mormon spies have been shot by the anti-Mormon mob at Nauvoo, which it is feared is the beginning of a sanguinary conflict between these factions.

Mr. McLane has resumed his station as president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. He gets a salary of \$4000 a year.

THE PROTECTIVE PRINCIPLE.

It is a remarkable fact that the protectionists only stand by their principle when it is applied to trade which takes place over the sea. These men are continually telling us of the vast extent of our country—of the varieties of its soil and climate—of its manifold resources—of its varied forms of industry, and of the prodigious domestic trade which takes place between the different sections of our Union. Now, strangely enough, these protectionists who would restrict and fetter all our foreign commerce, are the most sturdy advocates of freedom in this same vast domestic trade. Massachusetts has her looms and spindles, and so has Ohio. Yet the very same man who urges upon you the duty of protecting the manufacturing interest of Massachusetts against that of England, has not a word to say in favor of protecting the manufacturing interest of Ohio (though comparatively in its infancy) against the great manufacturing establishments of Massachusetts. On the contrary, the protectionist maintains that perfect freedom of trade between Ohio and Massachusetts is a great blessing to both those States. Now, why is this? If it be good policy to protect Lowell and Manchester, why is it bad policy to protect a little manufacturing village in the west against Lowell? Why is free trade good ever so far inland, and a bad principle just as soon as it begins to look across the Atlantic?

Take again the case of New England agriculture. Why should it not be protected against the overwhelming competition of the great west? The protectionists tell us when they would glorify the "home market," that Massachusetts buys more of the agricultural products of the west than England does. This, the protectionist tells us, is the consequence of free trade between Massachusetts and the west; and it is, in his view, a great blessing. But why does the protectionist thus abandon his principle? Why does he not insist that the New England farmer ought to be protected against the farmer of Illinois? It cannot be pretended that these two men stand upon an equal footing. The same labor which will raise seventy bushels of wheat in Massachusetts, will raise seven hundred in Illinois. If the principle of protection, misapplied protection, be a sound principle, here is a clear case for its exercise. Yet the staunchest protectionist will be the first to proclaim the utter unsoundness of the principle in such an application of it. Iron and coal are found in other parts of our country beside Pennsylvania. Then, on the protectionist's principle, why should he not protect the iron mining interests of other States against the opulent and well-established mining interests of Pennsylvania? Mr. Webster argued in the Senate that we must shut out our ports against the Nova Scotia coal, in order to protect the coal interests of Pennsylvania. If this be sound policy, then why should not every other State having coal mines within its limits equally seek to prohibit or restrict the importation of Pennsylvania coal? Any such legislation is indeed forbidden by the constitution of the United States, and the protectionist tells you that this provision of the constitution, securing freedom of trade between all the States, is eminently wise. Even the whig protectionists of Boston found their real against annexation to cool somewhat, when they reflected that annexation would give them the benefit of free trade with Texas. But if free trade between Texas and Boston be so great a blessing to both parties, why is free trade between Texas and Liverpool denounced as an evil?

These considerations point us very clearly to the indisputable truth of the case. The protection clamored for, is a protection of class interests. It does not apply to communities. The protection principle will not work at all when you apply it southward and westward. Even in the eyes of its warmest advocates, it is good only when it travels to the east. A principle thus double-faced—wearing one countenance for the west, and another for the east, can never command the confidence of the country. We subjoin, on this subject, the following well put illustrations from the Boston Chronicle.

"Free trade does exist, and has existed from thirteen to twenty-six centuries; republics for fifty years or more, and who says it is a failure? You have only to cut off the eastern hemisphere, and shave down the western a little, and there would be nothing but free trade in the world. And now, O protectionists, take any one of the twenty-six sovereign States of the Union, and say if it could be benefited by any restrictions on trade with the rest. Individuals and classes might be enriched by it to be sure, but there is not a man claiming the smallest shilling full of being, who would not say that the State, as a whole, would be the poorer by the restriction. If free trade is practically good between twenty or thirty different countries, extending over a space of 2,000 miles square, how does it become bad the moment you restrict it? If trade must be restricted against European industry for the benefit of Massachusetts industry, why should it not be restricted against Massachusetts industry for the benefit of that of Ohio? We should like to see Mr. Abbott Lawrence and Mr. Nathan Appleton come up to the work like men and answer this. Let them, if they can, tell us why we are to have restrictions on trade, lest the industry of Massachusetts should be overwhelmed by foreign production, lest them tell why it would not on the same principle, be wise to restrict internal trade, lest the weavers of Pittsburgh should be overwhelmed with the superabundance of the webs of Lowell, and the farmers of Massachusetts be prostrated by the plenty of wheat and corn in Illinois. How would our cotton lords of New England get the constitution and laws so amended as to give them a nice protection against western flour and pork, and the produce of the mines in the Cuyahoga, the St. Joseph, and the Fox rivers?"

Answer:—"This is what an exchange paper says should be done to those who steal fruit from trees and injure the branches and limbs—"

"They ought to have their eyes picked out with hot pinners, their flesh filled with needles, their hands cut off with razors, their tongues eaten with vile maggots, their ears grubbed out with dull knives, their feet roasted over burning coals, their knees stuck together with rusty saws, their nails pulled out by slow weights, their noses ground off with razors, their jaws taken off with dull saws, their throats filled with melted pitch, their teeth drawn out one by one, their legs worn off by travelling on scorpions, their bowels shot into with Mexican copper gas, their backs opened by cats drawn backwards and healed by aque fortis, and then be drawn by the nose through a telegraph wire over four thousand miles of suspension. In addition they should be held to pay a sum of fine and all damages."

"That's piling it on pretty thick," and would be rather so severe a punishment for some of the "nice young men,"—rather more than they could stand under.

VOLCANIC Eruptions in New Hampshire.—Deerfield, between Portsmouth and Concord, has experienced within the last twelve years occasional reports or explosions in the ground, apparently of a volcanic or gaseous nature. Within three weeks there have been twenty, so severe as to throw down stone walls, jar the buildings and alarm the people.

The Union says Mr. Bancroft will probably leave the United States in the steamer of the 8th of Oct.

THE ELECTIONS.

WISCONSIN.—An election of county officers, members of the legislature, and delegates to frame a state constitution for Wisconsin, was held in that territory on the 7th Sept. In Milwaukee county the whigs elected their sheriff, register, treasurer, and one member of the house of representatives. The democrats elected a majority of the delegate ticket. In Racine, the democrats elected their entire ticket by about 300 majority.

MICHIGAN.—At the democratic county convention for the second congressional district of Michigan, held at Kalamazoo, on the 10th inst., Edward Bradley, Esq., of Calhoun county, was nominated as the democratic candidate. Mr. B. is an able man and a sound and well known democrat.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Another editor in the field! Robert T. Conrad is the whig competitor of Charles J. Ingersoll, in the 4th congressional district, comprising Germantown, North and South Penn, and all the unincorporated parts of Philadelphia county. Mr. Conrad is one of the editors of the North American, and author of Jack Cade and other plays. It was the American that repelled the attack of a New York whig press on Pennsylvania, charging her with ignorance.

The democratic nominee for congress in the Alleghany district, including Pittsburg, is Wilson McCandless, the celebrated lawyer.

In a letter to Mrs. W. L. Garrison, which is published, her husband writes that he attended the "World's Convention" in London, August 4. The room is small and the public are not allowed to listen:—

"In the course of the afternoon session, the Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Boston, incidentally defended the American slaveholder, and eulogized the Sabbath as worthy to be maintained by pains and penalties, not in the name of the Lord, but on the ground of expediency. As soon as I could, I rose to reply, and was at first received with very great applause; but the moment I began to rebuke Kirk for his conduct, sundry individuals raised the cry of personality, and protested against the discussion of extraneous topics. Great excitement followed, and the result was, that Kirk took back his pro-slavery sentiment, not to repudiate it, but to avoid the issue, and escape censure. Every thing in the convention is under the most stringent regulations. As for free discussion, its toleration is out of the question. I do not think after the treatment that I have received, that I shall attend another session. Not that the convention at all sympathized with Kirk, for they did not; but they were afraid of giving offence, or of getting into a controversy on another topic, aside from the object which had specially brought them together."

He also says:—

"The temperance cause, in England, has made very little progress, especially among the 'respectable' and 'good society' folks. Almost whenever I go to partake of the hospitalities proffered to me, decanters of wine are on the table, and not to take a glass of this poison is an act of singularity which immediately excites notice and observation."

NEWS FROM MEXICO.—Files of Mexican papers to the 26th of August inclusive, have been received at the navy department. They contain the address or manifesto of Gen. Santa Anna to the people of Mexico, dated the 16th of August, the day of ending at Vera Cruz. It is a paper of some length, and carefully framed, and temperate in language and sentiments. He denounces and discusses at length the proposal for a monarchical form of government. He makes no direct or earnest profession of an intention to prosecute the war against the U. States, and does not speak of this country in the usual terms of vilification. Proposes that the congress about to be assembled shall be empowered to regulate all branches of the administration of government, and that the provisional executive be entirely under its control.

Santa Anna left Vera Cruz on the 18th of August for the city of Mexico. The papers give no account of his arrival there; but one of them, the Republica, complains of their waiting his arrival to forward reinforcements to the army of the north.

There was a prisoner in the city of Mexico, but not in strict confinement, and had asked for his passport, which it is said would be given to him.

Quiet prevailed in the city of Mexico, but the papers do not seem to indicate much enthusiasm in favor of Santa Anna.—Washington Union.

POST OFFICE.—The second assistant postmaster general instructs postmasters that members of congress can transmit, under frank, during the recess, nothing but written letters. The Hon. A. Stewart, whig M. C. from Pennsylvania, undertook to frank printed "extras" more than thirty days after the close of the session, which is against the law.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER NEW YORK.—SEVENTEEN PERSONS DROWNED.—A ship from the Mobile Tribune of the 10th inst. gives an account of the loss of the steamer New York, on the 7th instant, in a severe gale from the north east. The news was brought to New Orleans by the steamer Galveston, Capt. Wright. Seventeen persons were drowned, including twelve passengers and five of the crew.

Origin of the word Hamburg.—A Scotch paper affirms that this word is of Scottish origin. There was in olden times a race, now extinct, called Bogie or Boag of the Ilk, in Berwickshire. A daughter of the family married a son of Hume or Home, also of that ilk. In process of time, by default of male issue, the Bogie property devolved on one George Hume or Home of the Bog. This wordly was somewhat inclined to the marvellous, and had vast inclination to exalt himself, his wife, family, brother, and all his ancestors on both sides. His tales, however, did not pass current, and at last, when any body made any very extraordinary statement in the means, the hearers would shrug up their shoulders and style it "just a hum of the Bog." This was soon shrouded into a humbug, and in a few years the word spread like wildfire over the whole kingdom.

The True American says that when John C. Calhoun takes snuff every man in South Carolina sneezes. Is that any reason why they should not buy handkerchiefs where they choose?—Post.

No, it is not, Mr. Post. But it is a good reason why they should not wipe our noses with their handkerchiefs.—Chronicle.

If we kept our noses clean, they wouldn't want wiping.—Post.

Well, there's one item of free trade settled.

Manners.—"I've always taught my children to say yes sir, and no sir," remarked Mr. Fidget.

"There's nothing like manners," said a child. Here "Tommy," he continued, "would you like to go and live with this gentleman?" "No." "No what?" "No sir."

The question of changing the mode of choosing presidential electors, so as to give the appointment to the people instead of the legislature, is undergoing a spirited discussion in South Carolina, and the papers of that state are warmly engaged in it.

Louis McLane, late U. S. Minister to England, has accepted the invitation of the New Yorkers to partake of a public dinner.

One of the papers calls John F. Hale "the prince of free and independent democrats."

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—George Bancroft of Massachusetts, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States for the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, vice Louis McLane, recalled at his own request.

John Y. Mason, of Virginia, to be Secretary of the Navy of the United States, vice Hon. George Bancroft resigned.

Judge Mason will act, also, as Attorney General ad interim, until his successor in that office shall be appointed and qualified.

One man in every one hundred and ninety in the English army receives corporal punishment in the course of the year.

Read the following voluntary tribute to Wistar's Balm, from the Kinderhook, N. Y., Sentinel, dated July 31, 1845:

"HOPE NEVER DIES."

The extraordinary virtues of Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, in the cure of Pulmonary complaints, have been attested by so many persons, that he who doubts its efficacy must be in truth a very skeptic. A remarkable cure of Consumption has recently been effected by this medicine in the town of Chatham, in this County, and which was related to us by Dr. Herrick, an eminent physician of that town, to whom we have permission to refer. A young lady, who had long labored under an affection of the lungs, and who had been under the care of several physicians without experiencing any relief, was considered by her friends as beyond the reach of medicine, and she was informed by her medical attendant that she must die.

Fortunately, she was induced to send to the Kinderhook Bookstore for a bottle of Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry.

As a last resort in her critical situation. Before its contents were exhausted, the young lady experienced great relief, and two more bottles were successively procured and administered. She is now happy in the restoration of health, and blesses the day when she first resorted to the use of this healing Balm.

MARRIED.

In the Navy Yard Chapel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 2d inst., by Rev. J. S. Stockbridge, U. S. N., Rev. Charles W. Dennison (former editor of the "Sheet Anchor"), to Miss Mary A. Andrews, both of Boston.

In Portland, Mr. Thomas Osborne to Miss Mary C. Plummer, both of Portland.

DIED.

In Bangor, 13th inst. Miss Susan Huntington, daughter of Oliver Parker, Esq., aged 20 years and 5 months. On the 14th inst., Mr. William Moore.

In Eddington, Mr. William Davis, a revolutionary soldier, aged about 81 years.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Dixfield, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ON the petition of SAMUEL MORRILL, Administrator of the estate of Amos Gardner, late of Dixfield, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of the said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of seven hundred dollars, and therefore praying for license to sell all of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts, and incidental charges, as a partial scale thereof, and to divide the residue.

It was Ordered, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Dixfield, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Dixfield, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ON the petition of MARY JANE GARDNER, Widow of Amos Gardner, late of Dixfield, in said county, deceased, praying for Dower to be assigned her out of the real estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Dixfield, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Dixfield, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ON the petition of EDWARD K. HALL, Widow of Ebenezer G. Hall, late of Paris in said county, deceased, praying that Dower may be assigned her out of the Real Estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Turner, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

EDWARD DAVES, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Simeon Daves, late of Hebron, in said county, deceased, having presented his true account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Turner, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ON the petition of LYDIA CUSHMAN, Widow of Francis Cushman, late of Rumford, in said county, deceased, praying for her share of certain accounts, notes, and evidences of other claims in favor of the estate of said deceased, which were considered by the Appraisers of no value, and were not appraised.

It was Ordered, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Rumford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

WHEREAS the Commissioners appointed to ascertain the value of the real estate of the late Walter L. of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, to the Widow of said deceased, made their return to this Court.

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be accepted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

MARIA FULLER.

late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

A. J. FULLER.

Dixfield, September 15, 1846.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

SARAH EUSTIS.

late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

CHS. L. EUSTIS.

Dixfield, September 15, 1846.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

PELATIAH GIBBS.

late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ACHSOL GIBBS.

Livermore, September 16, 1846.

Commissioner's Notice.

WE, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of

HAMILTON KILGORE,

late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months from the twenty-fifth day of August, 1846, have been allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us at the office of Levi Brown, in Waterford in said County, on the first Mondays of November, January and February next, from one until four o'clock in the afternoon each of said days.

LEVI BROWN, } Commissioners.
THEODORE STONE, }

Waterford, Sept. 14, 1846.

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford there will be exposed for sale, at the house of the subscriber in Andover, on the tenth day of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the real estate of

THEODORE BRICKETT,

late of Andover, deceased, as will produce the sum of one thousand dollars, for the payment of his debts and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of the deceased's homestead farm on which he last lived, being lot number sixteen in Andover. (The above real estate subject to the Widow's Dower.)

Terms made known at the time of sale.

J. N. BRICKETT, Administrator.

Andover, Sept. 10, 1846.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, Sept. 10, 1846.

MAKERS on Execution and will be sold at public Auction, at the lot of Samuel R. Holland, on Cambridge Point, on Saturday, the 31st day of October next, at one of the clock P. M., unless redeemed prior, (viz.)

All the right JOHN HEARSEY has to redeem, under a sale made by me on the third day of August last, when I sold all said Hearsey's right to redeem the Farm on Cambridge Point recently occupied by said Hearsey and generally known as the Joseph Holland Farm and Stand.

Said Farm having been mortgaged to Judah Root, of Boston, Maine, in June A. D. 1845, to S. R. & E. Tree, Jr., in October, A. D. 1844, for one thousand dollars on each mortgage.

JOHN M. EUSTIS, Deputy Sheriff.

Notice—Freedom.

THIS I certify that I, JAMES R. MITCHELL, have this day sold my minor son, JOSEPH S. MITCHELL, his time, and that I will not pay any debts of his contracting, or claim any of his earnings after this date.

Attest—James R. Mitchell.

Byron, September 4th, 1846.

State of Maine.

To PORTER KIMBALL, Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace within and for the County of Oxford,—

THE subscribers, five of the proprietors of the town of Rumford, in said County of Oxford, and one sixteenth part of said proprietors, request you to issue a Warrant to one of said proprietors, directing him to call a meeting of said proprietors for the following purposes, to wit:

1st.—To choose a Moderator.

2d.—To choose a Clerk.

3d.—To see if said proprietors will vote to confirm the change of a meeting of said proprietors held at the Office of Peter C. Virgin, Esquire, on the twenty-sixth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, and the change of a meeting of said proprietors, and the change of said proprietors.—You are hereby required to notify and warn a meeting of said proprietors according to law, to be held at the lot of Jonathan Virgin, Esquire, in Rumford in said County, on the eighth day of October next, A. D. 1846, at one of the clock in the afternoon, for the purposes aforesaid, and have you there the Warrant with your doings thereon.

Given under my hand and seal this third day of September, A. D. 1846.

PORTER KIMBALL, Justice of the Peace.

Oxford, 28.

PURSUANT to the above Warrant, to me directed, I hereby notify the said proprietors to meet at the time, place and for the purposes aforesaid.

TIMOTHY WALKER, one of said Proprietors.

Wanted.

ONE or TWO Apprentice Girls to work at the Textile Manufactory of L. W. DENNIS.

Paris Hill, Nov. 25th, 1846.

Silver Spoon Manufactory.

BANKS & HATCH.

NO. 72, EXCHANGE STREET, Portland.

HAVE constantly on hand, of their own manufacture, an extensive assortment of

SILVER TEA & TABLE, DESK SET, SUGAR, MUSTARD AND SALT SPOONS.

which are warranted to be of the very best quality. Purchasers from the country are respectfully invited to call and examine. Also for sale at the lowest prices—

Gold & Silver Lever, Lapine and common Watches. Gold Finger Rings, Dress Pins, Bracelets, Pens and Pencils; Britannia Ware; Pocket Cutlery; Plated Spoons; Butter Knives; Pocket Books; Purse and Purse Drawings; Carriage Silver Trunklets; do. Pencils; Silver Shell & Horn & Ivory Combs; Spectacles, for all ages in Gold, Silver, and common bones; Silver nursing tubes; Dress & common FANS; Hair Brushes; Perfumery, &c., &c., &c., &c.

—ALSO—

Mathematical Instruments, Surveyors' Compasses; Pocket do.; Protractors; Surveyors' Chains; Gunter's Scales; Dividers, &c. &c. &c.

N. B. The following articles are repaired in the most careful manner: WATCHES & JEWELRY—SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, CHAINS & INSTRUMENTS—SPECTACLES.

Also SILVER SPOONS manufactured to order. September 1, 1846.

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his Farm in Norway, Maine, for no other reason than that his health is such that he cannot conveniently and successfully carry it on.—It is situated about 24 miles, on Norway Village, and contains 140 acres, and is well divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and wood-land.

It is now under a good state of cultivation, well fenced, and all the fences in good repair; and cuts 40 tons of good hay. It also contains one of the largest and best Orchards in the County.

The buildings are good and in good repair, with every convenience, as to water, &c. &c.

It is situated in one of the most pleasant towns in the County of Oxford, and well accommodated as to schools, meetings, mills and stores, and the location is very favorable as to health, and an agreeable society.

Any person wishing to purchase a very good and valuable farm, and that too at a low price, will find this a favorable opportunity, as the subscriber intends to sell immediately. The title is undoubted. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises, or to JOHN PARSONS, Jr., Esq., of Paris, the former owner.

S

